Qu. Vp to some scaffold, there to loose their heads.
King. No to the dignitie and height of honor,
The height imperiall tipe of this earths glory.
Qu. Flatter my sorrowes with report of it,
Tell me what state, what dignitie, what honor,
Canst thou demise to any child of mine?
King. Euen all I haue, yea and my selfe and all,
Will I withall endow a child of thine,
So in the Lethe of thy angry soule,
Thou drowne the sad remembrance of those wrongs
Which thou supposest I haue done to thee.
Qu. Be briefe, lest that the processe of thy kindnesse
Last longer telling then thy kindnesse doo.
K. Then know that from my soule I loue thy daughter.
Qu. My daughters mother thinkes it with her soule.
King. What do you thinke?
Qu. That thou doest loue my daughter from thy soule,
So from thy soules loue didst thou her brothers,
And from my hearts loue I do thanke thee for it.
King. Be not so hastie to confound my meaning,
I meane that with my soule I loue thy daughter,
And meane to make her Queene of England.
Qu. Say then, who doest thou meane shall be her king?
King. Euen he that makes her Queene, who should else?
Qu. What thou?
King. I, euen I, what thinke you of it Madame?
Qu. How canst thou wooe her?
King. That I would learne of you,
As one that were best acquainted with her humor.
Qu. And wilt thou learne of me?
King. Madam with all my heart.
Qu. Send to her by the man that slew her brothers
A paire of bleeding hearts, thereon ingraue,
Edward and Yorke, then happily she will weepe,
Therefore present to her, as sometime Margaret
Did to thy father, a handkercheffe steept in Rutlans blood,
And bid her drie her weeping eyes therewith,
If this inducement force her not to loue,
Send her a story of thy noble acts:
Tell her thou mad'st away her vncle Clarence,

Her vncle Riuers, yea, an
Madest quicke conueian
King. Come, come, ye
To winne your daughter
Qu There is no other
Vnlesse thou couldst put
And not be Richard that
Kin. Inferre faire Engla
Qu. Which she shall pu
Kin. Say that the king w
Q. That at her hands
King Say she shall be a
Qu. To waile the title a
King. Say I will loue he
Qu. But how long shall
King. Sweetly inforce v
Qu. But how long faire
Kin. So long as heauen
Qu. So long as hell and
King. Say I her soueraig
Qu. But she your subie
King. Be eloquent in my
Qu. An honest tale spee
King. Then in plaine te
Qu. Plaine and not hon
Kin. Madame, your rea
Qu. O no, my reasons a
Too deepe and dead poor
Harpe on it still shall I, till h
King. Now by my Geor
Qu. Prophand, dish on
King. I sweare by nothi
Qu. By nothing, for this
The George prophand, ha
The Garter blemisht, paw
The Crowne vsurpt, disgra
If something thou wilt swe
Sweare then by som thing
King. Now, by the worl

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